

*The Historie of*

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it; come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. Incuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oth should be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* and *Tauerne*: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zlound, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God a mercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

How

*Henry the fourth.*

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquirde yet who pickt my Pocket?

*Enter Host.*

*Hof.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you thinke, *Sir Iohn*? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tight of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Yelie *Hostesse*, *Bardol* was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

*Hof.* Who? I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goe to, I know you well enough.

*Hof.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you do not know me, *Sir Iohn*; I know you *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir Iohn*, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

*Hof.* Now at I am a true Woman, Holland of viij.s. an ell: you owe money heere besides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, xxiiij. pound.

*Fal.* Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

*Hof.* Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How? poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denier: what, will you make a younker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a scale Ring of my Grandfathers worth forty marke.

*Hof.* O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

*Fal.* How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two and two; Newgate fashion.

*Hof.* My Lord, I pray you heare mee.

G 3

Prin.